

The Downfall of William Grismond,

Or, A Lamentable Murder by him committed at *Lainterdine* in the County of *Hertford* the 22 of March. 1650. with his wofull Lamentation.

The tune is, VVhere is my Love.



O Come ye willfull youngmen,
 And hear what I shall tell,
 My name is William Grismond,
 at Lainterdine did dwell,
 Where I did a murder
 as it is known full well.
 And for mine offence I must dye.
 There was a Neighbour's daughter,
 that I had there hard by,
 Whom I had promis'd Marriage,
 and with her I did lie.
 I did often ble with her,
 my lust to satisfy.
 And for, &c.
 I had my pleasure with her,
 I had my lewd desire,
 The using of her body,
 was that I did require.
 I was eye come and snar'd,
 by him that is a Par-
 And for, &c.
 He claimed of me Marriage,
 and said she was with child,
 Saying marry me swift William,
 now you have me deild.
 If you do now forsake me,
 I utterly I'm spoil'd
 And for, &c.
 When she had us'd these speeches,
 my anger did arise.
 And then to work her sterthpore
 I quickly did devise.
 What though her words were honest
 yet I did them despise,
 And for, &c.
 I mark how it did happen,
 this business being past.
 And I who was my Father's heir,
 her words did urge me sore.
 For I could have another,
 with gold and silver store.
 And for, &c.
 My Father and my mother,
 I knew would not consent,
 If I had married with her,
 I knew I should be sent.
 Then unto wicked murder,
 my heart was fully bent.
 And for, &c.
 In flattering sort I brought her,
 into a field of brome,
 And when we both together,
 into the field was come.
 I had my pleasure with her,
 and then I was her down.
 And for, &c.
 Then in the brome I kil'd her,
 with my accursed knife,
 Where hatefully I kil'd her,
 who lov'd me as her life.
 I cut her throat I kil'd her,
 who should have been my wife.
 And for, &c.
 Those dayes she lay there murdered
 before that she was found,
 But when the neighbours searching
 within that brome ground.
 Did find her there murdered,
 and with a bloody wound.
 And for mine offence I must dye.

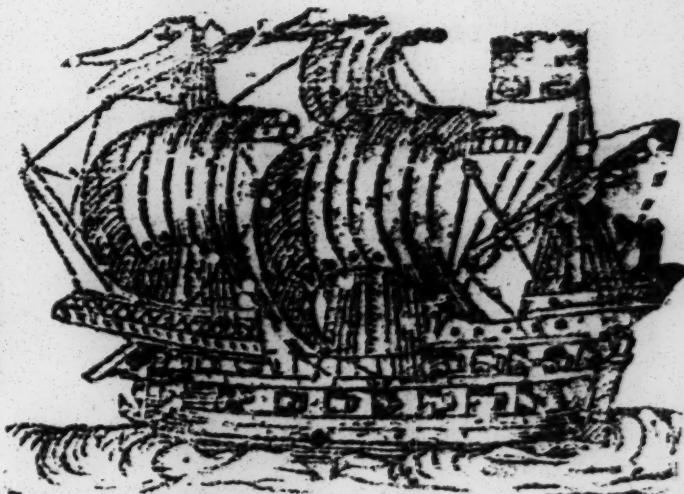
The Downfall of William Grismond,

Or, A Lamentable Murder by him committed at *Lainterdine* in the County of *Hertford* the 22 of March. 1650. with his wofull Lamentation.

The tune is, VVhere is my Love.



O Come ye willfull youngmen,
 And hear what I shall tell,
 My name is William Grismond,
 at Lainterdine did dwell,
 Where I did a murder
 as it is known full well.
 And for mine offence I must dye.
 There was a Neighbour's daughter,
 that I had there hard by,
 Whom I had promis'd Marriage,
 and with her I did lie.
 I did often be with her,
 my lust to satisfy.
 And for, &c.
 I had my pleasure with her,
 I had my lewd desire,
 The using of her body,
 was that I did require.
 I was eye come and snar'd,
 by him that is a Par-
 And for, &c.
 He claimed of me Marriage,
 and said she was with child,
 Saying marry me straight William,
 now you have me dead'd
 If you do now forsake me,
 I utterly I'm spoil'd
 And for, &c.
 When she had us'd these speeches,
 my anger did arise.
 And then to work her sterthpore
 I quickly did devise.
 What though her words were honest
 yet I did them despise,
 And for, &c.
 I mark how it did happen,
 this business being past.
 And I who was my Father's heir,
 her words did urge me sore.
 For I could have another,
 with gold and silver store.
 And for, &c.
 My Father and my mother,
 I knew would not consent,
 If I had married with her,
 I knew I should be spent.
 Then unto wicked murder,
 my heart was fully bent.
 And for, &c.
 In flattering sort I brought her,
 into a field of brome,
 And when we both together,
 into the field was come.
 I had my pleasure with her,
 and then I was her down.
 And for, &c.
 Then in the brome I kill'd her,
 with my accursed knife,
 Where hatefully I kill'd her,
 who lov'd me as her life.
 I cut her throat I kill'd her,
 who should have been my wife.
 And for, &c.
 Those days she lay there murdered
 before that she was found,
 But when the neighbours searching
 within that brome ground.
 Did find her there murdered,
 and with a bloody wound.
 And for mine offence I must dye.



The Neighbours having found her
where I did see this deed,
There in the bann they found her
where I her blood did shed:
But when I did perceive that
I ran away with speed,
And for mine offence I must dye.

So sower had they found her,
but I away did goe.
I thought to go to Ireland,
the very truth is so.
But God he would not suffer me
to run my Country thro',
And for, &c.

Yet I was got on ship-board,
as you may understand,
But when the ship was troubled,
I must go back to Land,
I could not passe away so,
with guiltie heart and hand,
And for &c.

There is some wicked person
the ship-men then did say,
Within this ship we know it,
that cannot passe away.
Wee must return to land her,
and make no more delay,
And for, &c.

Then nar unto Westchester,
I taken was at last,
And then in Chester Prison
I suddenly was cast,
From thence brought unto Hereford
to answer what was past,
And for, &c.

But when my loving Father,
his Gold he did not spare,
To save me from the Gallows,
he had of me great care,
But it would not be granted,
the Gallows was my share,
And for, &c.

My fault it was so heinous,
it would not gran'd be,
I must for an example,
hang on the Gallow tree,
God grant that I a warning
to all young-men may be,
And for, &c.

O my dear loving Father,
he was to me most kind,
He brought me up most costly,
so was his tender mind,
But I indeed to lewdnesse
was too much inclin'd,
And for, &c.

He brought me up in Learning,
his love to me was still,
He thought it all too little,
he did bestow on Vill,
But when he lookt for comfort,
his heart I then did kill,
And for, &c.

I might have had a marriage,
my Father to content.
And that my loving Mother,
would give her heart's consent,
But I had took such courses,
both make us all repent,
And for, &c.

Now young-men take warning,
you see my fall is great,
I call to God for mercy,
Gods grace doe you intreat,
I might have lived bravely,
and had a gallant seat,
And for, &c.

O Lord I now crave pardon,
with a relenting heart,
I know my sins are heinous,
I'm very sorry for't:
Glas I have deserved,
a very hard report,
And for mine offence I must dye.

